THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

The friend of Socrates, the friend of Plato,
But above all, the friend of truth.

BALTIMORE: Printed (for the Editor) by JOSEPH ROBINSON, and publiſhed every Saturday morning, at No. 4, North Charles-ſtreet; where Subſcriptions, Communications, Advertiſements, &c. are received.....Terms of ſubſcription, Five Dollars a year, payable in advance.

Vol. II. *Saturday, September* 19, 1807. *No.* 12.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY NOTICES.

Concerning the late DR. JAMES BEATTIE, *Professor of Moral Philoſophy and Logic in the Mareschal College of New-Aberdeen.*

(Continued from page 171.*)*

His predilection for the Muses, was likely to be enhanced from this residence. There is no talent more aided by local situation, than poetical fancy: and the beautiful windings of th e river Forth, with the amenity of its contiguous fields, would not fail to deepen impressions which had formerly taken place, to recal and strengthen associations which other scenes had created, and to awaken all the delicate sensibilities of the heart on which poetry is founded.

Mr. Beattie afterwards taught a school in his native county of Kincardine; and some time after, he became assistant to the master of the grammar-school of Aberdeen. In this situation, an intimacy commenced betwixt the assistant and the daughter of the schoolmaster, which soon ripened into a mutual affection, and in the end occasioned their marriage.

Certain incidents, and in particular, the important event of marriage, have often no little influence in modifying the views, and determining the subsequent conduct of a person through life. Immediately after Mr. Beattie's marriage, it is probable that his intention was to continue the profession of teaching, to endeavour to succeed his father-in-law in the grammar-school of Aberdeen, and to devote the rest of his life to this laborious occupation. But a more brilliant literary character awaited him, and he was destined, though still to continue a teacher, yet to instruct in a more dignified sphere.

Notwithstanding the severe duties which must be daily performed by a school-master, and the tendency which going daily through the same irksome task must have in freezing the flow of the imagination, Mr. Beattie continued to be still smitten with the love of song: poetry was the darling pursuit of his heart, and it insinuated deeper and deeper into his affections.

He now thought of committing some of his productions to the world; and in 1760 he published a volume of original poems and translations. In 1765 appeared another poem of his, entitled "The Judgment of Paris." He was then about twenty-five years of age; his poetical talent was not yet fully concocted; and tho' these specimens possessed a considerable degree of poetical merit, and were well received, yet the author has since repented of appearing as a poet so early before the public, and has omitted the greater number of them in a late edition of his poems.

Mr. B. had now acquired some poetical reputation. He was known to be possessed of learning: his studious disposition continually urged him to acquire more: he was entitled to be raised above the drudgery of teaching children; and, through the influence of the Earl of Errol, he was elected a Professor in that College where he himself had been a student.

The contrast betwixt the schoolmaster at Alloa and the Professor in the University of Aberdeen, was sufficiently striking. Mr. Beattie no doubt felt it in its full force; and he resolved to act in a manner worthy of his dignified situation. Poetry had probably engrossed a great number of his leisure hours previous to this period, but studies more immediately necessary now claimed his whole attention. He determined not to be an inactive member of the honourable body to which he belonged, but to prove, by his diligent application, and his philosophical exertions, that he was worthy of the seat to which he had been elevated.

An active and penetrating mind will at all times discover excellent subjects on which to exercise its powers; but this was a period fruitful in investigation, and especially of those objects which more peculiarly belonged to Mr. Beattie's sphere of study in the University. The philosophy of mind was the fashionable pursuit, and had been treated by several eminent authors, and, in particular, by Mr. Hume. The opinions of this writer, and his conclusions on the subjects of his research, were characterised by a boldness which had seldom been equalled in any country, and never in Scotland. But though Hume's reasonings led to the most boundless scepticism, and were so opposite to the sober spirit of thinking previously cherished in Scotland; yet such were the acuteness of his powers, and the ingenuity of his logical inductions, that he had become the leader of a new school, and formed the opinions of many who had formerly belonged to a more temperate philosophy. The abettors of the old systems were alarmed at his conclusions; they grieved to see such dangerous notions acquire so extensive an influence; they were anxious for what appeared to them to be the cause of truth and sound philosophy, and directed all their powers to confute the reasonings, and to overturn the positions, of this mighty opponent.

Dr. Reid had already begun the attack, in 1764, in his excellent "Inquiry into the Human Mind;" and Mr. Beattie published his "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, in Opposition to Sophistry and Scepticism," in the year 1770.

It has sometimes been alledged, that the motive which induced Mr. B. to oppose the writings of Hume was not of the purest nature, that he was excited by personal chagrin, and a desire to revenge some insult he had received from Hume. Whether or not this was the case, it is not our business to inquire. The motives which a writer may have for his publication are not of so much concern to the publick as the merits of his work; whether it contains an able treatment of its subject, and accomplishes what was purposed.

The popularity which the Essay on Truth obtained for its author was very extensive. It was eagerly perused by all who were fond of pneumatological studies, and received the warmest approbation of those who shuddered at the view of *the Ideal Philosophy*. Its fame was equally extensive in England. The Common-Sense philosophers rejoiced at having this defence of their system; the most unbounded praises were lavished upon the Professor of the North; and it was even suggested by some eminent in power, to have him converted from the Church of Scotland, and to present him with a dignified benefice in the English Church.

The impolicy of this proposition was, however, soon recognised. It was observed, that the writings of a Clergyman in defence of religion were more liable to be viewed as an interested defence of the opinions of his order, than the unprejudiced productions of a layman; and that Beattie could more essentially serve the cause of truth, and with better grace, as a Professor of Moral Philosophy in Scotland, than as a Bishop in the Church of England. As a compensation for past, and an inducement for future exertions, he was, therefore, presented with an annuity of 200l.; and "it was understood, that thus pensioned, he should lie on the watch, and confute every sceptical and profane opionion that should, after all that he had written, dare to start up in the world*." Perhaps the most pleasing advantage which Beattie derived from the publication of his work was, its being the occasion of his obtaining the acquaintance and friendship of many learned and eminent characters in England. The acquisition of a circle of learned friends is the most valuable and soothing reward of literary toil, because the correspondence and conversation which result from such connexions are equally productive of further instruction and the most refined pleasure. The author of the Essay on Truth was now entitled to the attention of the literary world; he was to be considered as adding one more to the literati of his

---

* Boswell's Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson, Vol. II.

country, and as a distinguished member of the republick of letters. Among his brethren at home, he was highly respected; and whenever he went to London, his company was courted by persons of illustrious rank, by all who were celebrated for literature, or venerable in the Church.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, at this time, presided over the literature of England. The acquaintance of Beattie with him took place in the year 1771, through the following introductory letter of Mr. Boswell, and continued with mutual kindness till Dr. Johnson's death :—

"To Dr. Johnson.

"*My Dear Sir,*

"The bearer of this, Mr. Beattie, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen, is desirous of being introduced to your acquaintance. His genius, and learning, and labours, in the service of virtue and religion, render him very worthy of it; and as he has a high esteem of your character, I hope you will give him a favourable reception.

"I am, &c.

"James Boswell."

Though Mr. Beattie had obtained greater fame as a philosopher than perhaps any merits of his deserved, in this year (1771) appeared another production, of a very different kind, and on which his reputation will be founded with a greater degree of stability and permanence than upon all his other works. This was, "Book I. of the Minstrel; or, the Progress of Genius." The second book followed in 1774.

The subject of this delightful poem had, it is probable, occurred to Beattie at a period of life comparatively early. It is altogether in unison with the romantick emotions of the youthful heart: and from the moment when it first struck the fancy of the juvenile poet, it had been warmly cherished in secret, and gradually enlarged, as the poetical fancy dilated, and the intellectual resources of the author became more extensive.... The elementary sentiments of the Minstrel had been conceived in the country, among rural delights, when the imagination was highly susceptible of those impressions which are never to be erased, and which modify all future associations. But the principal finishing was executed in 1768, and it was polished from time to time until its publication.

(To be concluded in our next.)

For the Observer.

DOCTOR CRAWFORD'S THEORY,

AND AN APPLICATION OF IT TO THE TREATMENT OF DISEASES.

(Continued from p. 70.)

As what I have advanced in my Remarks on Quarantines, respecting the cause of disease, appears to have awakened some attention, and as I flatter myself with a hope, that what I have further to offer on that important subject will not prove uninteresting, I have determined to prosecute the enquiry. It has been suggested that it might obtain more notice, if presented in a connected form; this will unquestionably be necessary.... But as it nearly regards every individual, and as medical subjects have been hitherto, almost exclusively, confined to the faculty, my wish is to make my appeal to those who are more immediately the objects of suffering; their being made acquainted with the nature of that suffering must have a good effect in disposing them more willingly to submit to the means of relief, and in convincing them that if the cause is not subdued, they must become the victims.

The term THEORY, especially when applied to disease, has, from the failure hitherto, of every endeavour to form one in any degree satisfactory, become in some measure odious. Educated in schools where the causes of disease were variously accounted for, and finding in every author who aimed at being a teacher, a different way of explaining the origin of the numerous diseases to which the human frame is liable, I soon became dissatisfied. The different theories proposed were, in their turn completely overthrown, and the last had as little pretensions to infallibility as the first. The want of confidence naturally consequent of such multiplied failures was inevitable.

My mind continuing in this state for several years, my practice was regulated either by my own experience or that of others well authenticated. I was in the year 1790, appointed surgeon-major of the Colony of Demerary, by the then states-general of the United Provinces. No situation could have been more favourable for the acquisition of medical knowledge. I had the charge of the military hospital, in which there were usually from sixty to eighty patients. I had the uncontrouled management of the sick, as well what respected their general œconomy, as the treatment of their diseases, and I had no prejudices to contend with in the examination of the bodies of those that died. I availed myself extensively of this privilege. Appearances presented in many of these bodies which little accorded with any theory of disease that had every been suggested, and I clearly saw that some other plan must be adopted for

the explanation of these appearances, than had been hitherto proposed. I perceived a number of changes in the structure of various parts, which it was evident, could not have been effected by any power that could belong to these parts, and that they must have been the work of some influence which was of a foreign nature.

I was attracted by the swarms of very minute flies which were visible only when the declining sun emanated its rays in an oblique direction, and, as these were only distinguishable at some distance from me, I asked myself whether the atmosphere by which I was surrounded and continually inhaling, could be less replete with these little beings? If this were so, it necessarily followed that I must be receiving them with my breath in multitudes. My next consideration was whether, when admitted into my lungs, it was impossible they could be wholly innoxious to my system.

Much occupied with these thoughts, I was struck with the fate of the cotton trees; they were invaded every spring and fall with a *fly* which deposites its eggs on different parts of that plant, and when these eggs developed, a brood of worms escaped, which speedily destroyed all the best hopes of the planter.

The manner in which this plant is attacked is well worthy of attention. Sometimes a ridge in the midst of a cotton field escapes, whilst thousands of trees in the vicinity are stripped bare. Sometimes one side of a ridge will remain untouched, whilst the leaves, bark and flowers of those on the other side are devoured. A whole plantation will experience an immunity, whilst all the estates in the neighbourhood are a continued scene of depredation.

This catastrophe in the vegetable kingdom, bore so strong a resemblance to the fatality which so frequently occurs in the animal kingdom, and so often happens to the human race, that I could not resist a suspicion of their originating in a similar cause. If flies could deposite their eggs in our bodies, and if these eggs could be there developed, and in them find a residence and nourishment, the changes conspicuous in the dead body would admit of an easy explanation. These thoughts had possession of my mind for a length of time.

It became necessary for me to return to Europe in 1794.... I passed some time in Holland, and much at Leyden. On the 17th December, I visited the Hospital appointed for the reception of the Hanoverian troops, then in the service of Holland, accompanied by professor Brughmans, and Doctor Scheffer the Physician general. These troops had been quartered in Zealand, a country very similar to Demerary, and I found that the diseases which they had contracted there were of a similar description. They were chiefly affections of the liver, and generally, when protracted, attended with diarrhœa.

It was remarked to me that when the wind blew from the N.E. quarter, all the symptoms were aggravated; when from the opposite quarter, they were sensibly relieved. The ideas of the cause of disease by which my mind had been long occupied, acquired additional strength by this information, and I did not hesitate to declare my persuasion that the cause must be an animated principle. I cannot express my surprise, when it was observed by these very respectable characters, that my opinion was most probably correct; that it had many advocates, and might possibly, in time, come to be generally adopted. Until that moment, I confess I had no conception of the previous existence of such a belief. The schools in which I had been educated, the authors I had read, were either silent on that head, or if slightly spoken of, it was with disapprobation. In Cullen's works there is no notice taken of such a doctrine; nor by McBride; there is mention made of it by Pringle only once, in speaking of the dysentery, and that very transiently. Neither Boerhave nor Vansweiten afford it any countenance, and it is disregarded by Morgagni, and most indeed of the French, the Italian and the German writers. It is not therefore wonderful that I should be ignorant of a subject which had experienced no encouragement from those I deemed of the highest authority.

The Professor pointed out a number of authors who had suggested or sanctioned the existence of insects as the cause of disease. I commenced the study of them immediately, and have embraced every opportunity since that time, to increase my knowledge in that very important branch of my profession.

In the mode I have adopted for conveying my sentiments to the publick, I deviate very much from that which has been usually pursued. Medical information has been hitherto generally communicated in medical language, and has been only intended for the medical eye. In the present case, such a mode would be very unsuitable. It is of the highest importance that the community at large should be made acquainted with what is so materially the concern of every individual, and it cannot fail to be highly advantageous, both to the physician and to the patient, to be united in their opinion as to the cause of disease. The most effectual means of combating the cause, will ever require the diligent study, and the persevering observation of men who dedicate their whole time to that momentous work... But the application of those labours to use, may certainly prove most beneficial, where there is an implicit acquiescence in what is deemed necessary to be done.

I may fail to attract attention in the commencement of my labours; but I shall persevere, and shall adduce such arguments as I persuade myself, will at length over come every obstacle. My great aim is to discover truth, and in the discovery, to promote the happiness of my fellow men.....

It requires time and examination to be thoroughly known; but when it is known its force is irresistable. I propose next to proceed with an examination of the authors who have preceded me in the same career, and to point out the cause which appears to have occasioned the neglect of them. J. C.

ON LEGENDS.

The origin of the many fables and intolerable absurdities, which have been entitled *Legends*, is to be attributed to the following practice :

Before any colleges were established in the monasteries where the schools were held, the professors in rhetorick frequently gave their scholars the life of some saint at a trial of their talent for amplification. The students being constantly at a loss to furnish out their pages, invented these wonderful adventures. The good fathers of that age, whose simplicity was not inferiour to their devotion, were so delighted with these flowers of rhetorick, that they were induced to make a collection of those miraculous compositions ; not imagining that at some distant period of time, they would become matters of faith. Yet, when James de Voraigne, (vicar-general of the Jacobins,) Peter Nadal, and Peter Ribadeneira, wrote the lives of the saints, they sought for the materials in the libraries of the monasteries ; and, awakening from the dust these manuscripts of amplification, imagined they made an invaluable present to the world by laying before them these bulky absurdities. The poeple received them with all imaginable simplicity ; and in the last century, it was dangerous for a man to dare even to suspect the reality of these pious fictions. We are indebted to Tillemont, to Fleury, Baillet, and Bollandus, for having cleared away much of this rubbish ; and by rejecting what was false, with an ingenious and judicious criticism shewn us the probable facts which had been nearly lost in fiction.

" What has been called *The Golden Legend;* which is the compilation of the above Voraigne," observes Patin, " is a book replete with the most ridiculous and silly histories imaginable." Melchior Canus, who was a learned Dominican, greatly disapproves of this Legend, and has said, that, " it is a narrative at once unworthy of the saints, and every honest christian. I do not know why it should be called *golden*, composed as it is by a man who had a mouth of *iron* and a heart of *lead*."

It will probably be agreeable to the reader, to see a specimen of these legends. To gratify this curiosity, we have selected the following, which we give not in the heavy language of James de Voraigne, but in the luminous diction of Mr. Gibbon.

" Among the insipid legends of Ecclesiastical History, I am tempted to distinguish the memorable fable of *The Seven Sleepers*, whose imaginary date corresponds with the reign of the younger Theodosius, and the conquest of Africa by the Vandals. When the emperour Decius persecuted the Christians, seven noble youths of Ephesus concealed themselves in a cavern, on the side of an adjacent mountain, where they were doomed to perish by the tyrant, who gave orders that the entrance should be firmly secured by a pile of stones. They immediately fell into a deep slumber, which was miraculously prolonged without injuring the powers of life, during a period of one hundred and eighty-seven years. At the end of that time, the slaves of Adolius, to whom the inheritance of the mountain had descended, removed the stones, to supply materials for some rustick edifice. The light of the sun darted into the cavern, and the Seven Sleepers were permitted to awake... After a slumber as they thought of a few hours, they were pressed by the calls of hunger : and resolved that Iamblichus, one of their number, should secretly return to the city, to purchase bread for the use of his companions. The youth, if we may still employ that appellation, could no longer recognise the once-familiar aspect of his native country ; and his surprize was increased by the appearance of a large cross triumphantly erected over the principal gate of Ephesus....His singular dress and obsolete language confounded the baker, to whom he offered an ancient medal of Decius, as the current coin of the empire ; and Iamblichus, on the suspicion of a secret treasure, was dragged before the judge. Their mutual enquiries produced the amazing discovery, that two centuries were almost elapsed since Iamblichus and his friends had escaped from the rage of a Pagan tyrant. The bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, the magistrates, the people, and it is said the emperour Theodosius himself hastened to visit the cavern of the Seven Sleepers, who bestowed their benediction, related their story, and at the same instant expired.

" This popular tale," Mr. Gibbon adds, " Mahomet learned when he drove his camels to the fairs of Syria ; and he has introduced it, as a *Divine Revelation*, into the Koran."

The same story has been adopted and adorned by the nations from Bengal to Africa, who profess the Mahometan religion.

ESSAY ON GOOD HUMOUR.

Human nature ever was, and ever will be the same. It only takes different methods of displaying itself according to the genius of the people, the austerity or licentiousness of time and place, &c. Thus a nymph of the Hottentots, who breaks the gristle of her child's nose, and annoints it with grease and

soot, is equally as well pleased with the contrivance to increase what they think beauty, as our delicate European dames are, when they spoil their own and their children's complexions by washes and paint. Fancy and imitation are the guides of taste: why then may not the tawny mother admire her sooty son, and bless his goggling eyes, his blubber lips, his woolly head and delicate complexion? Why not laugh as heartily at our want of discernment as we do at theirs? The reason is every whit as obvious to them on their side the question, as it is to us on ours.... Black teeth and extravagant long nails, are the greatest ornaments of the Siamese: painted bodies, and jewels dangling from their lips and noses, is the fine taste of the Americans. "Oh, odious creatures!.. Ridiculous taste!" says a London or Parisian belle....And why so, my pert misses? Had it been your fate to have been born even in this polite island some two thousand years sooner, you might have been as great adepts in plaistering your bodies as your are now at daubing your faces. A star on your arm might have had as fine an effect in those days, as Brussels or Mechlin has in these. A crescent painted on your forehead might have been esteemed equal to a French fly-cap, and the meridian sun displayed in full lustre on your delicate naked bosoms might have had more attractive powers, than the dazzling glare of a modern birth-day diamond stomacher. But to be serious...say, my pretty fair one, would you wish to please?... Would you have your lover adore you? Nay, what is of far greater consequence than either, would you wish to be happy? "Yes." Then study to make every person around you so..... You will find much more satisfaction in giving pleasure to another, than receiving it yourself. There is a kind of benignity in conveying happiness to another, which only experience can give you any idea of. Your own felicity depends, in a great measure, upon the proper exertion of this principle.

Flavia was left to the care of her own fortune, at the age of seventeen. Her mother, knowing her innate virtue and solid principles, thought these her properest guardians. She thought right. Flavia's beauty and fortune, which were both considerable, drew crowds of fluttering fops, and fortune-hunting rakes to her shrine. The rakes imagined so much youth and innocence could never resist their fine arts; the beaus depended upon the striking charms of their powdered paper-skulls. Had Flavia been so disposed, here was an ample field before her, in which she might have fully indulged the vanity of her age and sex, and coquetted away, at once, both her innocence and happiness.... She, however, gave all these their answers as fast as they came, but with so much sweetness and sensibility, that she awed the rakes, and delighted the fools.

She was in her twentieth year when first young Lovemore paid his addresses to her. This youth was of a very different complexion from any of her former humble servants; he loved

her heartily for her beauty ; but he loved her more for her good-humour and good-sense. He saw how completely happy the man must be, who gained so rich a prize ; and the bare thought of a possibility of losing her, gave him more real uneasiness, while it lasted, than it is in the power of beauty alone to create. She perceived his merit, and observed how respectfully he admired her. As it was contrary to the goodness of her heart to keep any one in a state of suspense, she was no sooner assured of the equity of his intentions, but she made him both easy and happy, by giving her hand where her heart dictated. Those maxims which preserved her in her youth, continued and increased her happiness in an advanced age.

Her husband is for ever extolling the darling of his heart, and expatiating on her virtues ; indeed every one who knows her admires her, and blessings flow from every tongue on the head of the good, the benevolent Flavia.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

To Mistress Beatrice Ironside.

MADAM,

The melancholy picture you drew in your last number, of the deplorable fate of some of the greatest geniuses, and the usual injustice of cotemporaries towards those men whom posterity admires, induces me to request your insertion of an article which concurs in the completion of your enumeration, and is certainly interesting, particularly to the lovers of the fine arts.

One of the first painters of the French school, and who is at present considered by the learned world, as having been one of the greatest ornaments of the 17th century ; *Eustache le Sueur*, was when living loaded with humiliations, even under the reign of Louis the XIVth.

The curious had long admired in the cloister of the Chartreux, at Paris, the collection of twenty-two magnificent paintings, representing the life of St. Bruno, which *Le Sueur* had painted there ; but it is curious to know, that when he first proposed painting the walls of this cloister, which his pencil has since rendered so celebrated, these *selfish* and *barbarous* monks decided in their Chapter, that they would offer to the MASTER PAINTER (in speaking of Le Sueur as of a mechanick) a sum which was ridiculously low, and that if he would not agree to that, *it was as well to keep the walls white as to daub them over ! ! !*

Le Sueur was young and not rich ; he accepted the conditions which ignorance and the hope of making himself known, imposed on him ; but he reaped little advantage from this sa-

crifice and the immense labour it cost him; for he was poisoned a short time after, at the age of 37, in the year 1655, by Charles Le Brun, a man of great genius and first painter to Louis the XIVth, but who dreaded being eclipsed by the purity of taste of Le Sueur, one of the modern artists who has most nearly approached the models of antiquity.

The rage of envy was not appeased even by the death of this great Painter; for it proceeded to such a length as even to disfigure with a pen knife, the finest expressions in this magnificent work.

Louis the XVIth had purchased these paintings of the monks in whose possession they were, and had them taken off from the walls on which they were painted, by a new and ingenious process. They are at present in the fine gallery of the senate, in the Palace of Luxembourg at Paris; with the bust of *Le Sueur*, crowned with stars as a symbol of immortality. G.

For the Observer.

CLARA d'ALBE.

The publick has been presented this week, with a novel translated from the French by a lady of Baltimore, entitled, "*Dangerous Friendship, or the Letters of Clara d'Albe.*" Of novel reading to the extent which it is generally pursued, we totally and entirely disapprove...a single half hour in the day devoted to the perusal of some of the elegant authors, and improving as elegant in which the English language abounds, would soon excite a taste for such useful study, and the advantages would be found in the substantial improvement which would be its result. But since it is in vain to aim at changing general taste, since we may inveigh at leisure, against such trifling and not seldom dangerous a sacrifice of time, novels will be no less eagerly devoured, and the most miserable trash the shelves of a circulating library affords, be read with untiring avidity, it is at least some advantage, that works of this kind should have correctness of sentiment, and beauty of style to recommend them.

The volume before us excels in both.. its language is at once simple, flowing, and elegant...its sentiments correct, and its *moral good*; since those of its characters who yield to the dominion of passion, become the victims of the aberrations from virtue into which it leads them. As an example of its style of description, we copy the following lively picture of the scenery on the banks of the Loire; which we have been told by those who have visited this delightful country, is a faithful representation of nature.

"The residence which we occupy, is situated some leagues from Tours, in the midst of a happy diversity of hill and valley, the one covered with wood and vines, and the other with golden harvests, and smiling villas; the river Cher winds through the country, and empties its waters at a distance, in the Loire; the banks of the Cher, covered with groves and meadows, are rural and charming; those of the Loire more majestick, shaded with tall poplars, thick woods and rich pasturage; from the summit of a picturesque rock, which rises above the castle, these rivers are seen rolling their waves, sparkling with the reflection of the sun beams, for many a league, and uniting at the foot of the castle; verdant isles, raising their green heads from the river's bed; a great number of streams widening them in their course; on every side, the eye discovers a vast extent of rich soil, covered with fruits, enamelled with flowers, and enlivened by the troops which graze in the pastures. The husbandman tracing his furrows, the carriages driving along the great road, the boats gliding through the rivers, and the towns, villages and hamlets crowned with steeples, all together display the most magnificent prospect."

In speaking of a beautiful girl Clara says, "Since a year in which I had not seen Adelaide, she is singularly improved, her eyes are black, lively and brilliant; her brown hair falls in ringlets on a neck of dazzling whiteness; I never saw finer teeth, nor such vermillion lips; and without being either a lover or a poet, I may say, that the rose, humid with the tears of Aurora, has neither the freshness, nor the lustre of her cheeks; her complexion is a blossom, her tout-en-semble a grace."..... The story is interesting to a high degree. We doubt not that many a tear will dim the bright eye of beauty, in sympathy for Clara's fate. The translator has, we think, done justice to her original...and although translation is but a secondary department in literature, yet it is no very easy task to transfuse the impassioned style of French love and sentiment into English, and whilst tempering it down to suit our colder language, not to lessen the grace and vivacity of the original. As it is a new thing amongst us for a lady to engage in literary pursuits, we should be happy to see *her encouraged to more useful and important undertakings.*

FOR THE OBSERVER.

VARIETY.

Our readers will certainly be gratified by the following curious monument, both of antiquity and history, equally interesting to all christian persuasions. It is the description and portrait of Jesus Christ, sent by *Publius Lentulus,* governour of

Judea, to the Roman Senate, at the time that the reputation of Jesus Christ became known to the world. The original of this piece considered by a vast number of learned, as authentick, is carefully preserved in the Kings Library, in Paris, and we have before us a French translation of it, published in that capital, from the original itself, which we render into English to present to our readers.

PICTURE OF JESUS CHRIST,

Sent to the Roman Senate by Publius Lentulus, governour of Judea, at the time that the reputation of Jesus Christ began to be known in the world....(The original is in the King's Library.)

There is at present in Judea, a man of rare virtue, whom they call Jesus Christ, the barbarians believe he is a prophet; but his followers worship him, as being descended from the immortal gods. He ressuscitates the dead and heals all diseases by his word or touch. he is tall and well made. His mein is gentle and venerable. His hair is of a colour difficult to describe, (that of a very ripe filberd) it falls in curls below his ears, and flows over his shoulders with infinite grace, divided on the crown of his head in the manner of the Nazarines. His forehead is large and smooth, and his cheeks are tinged with an agreeable red. His nose and mouth are formed with admirable symmetry. His beard is thick, its colour corresponding with his hair, descending an inch below his chin, and dividing towards the middle, it forms nearly the figure of a fork. His eyes are brilliant, clear and serene. He censures with majesty, and exhorts with mildness. Whether he speaks or acts, he does it with elegance and gravity. He has never been seen to laugh, but frequently to weep. He is very temperate, wise, and modest. He is a man, who by his excellent beauty and his perfections, surpasses the children of men.

For the Observer.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We understand the Poems of Garrett Barry, Esq. of this city, are in the press. We congratulate the lovers of poetry upon the acquisition of a book, which from the talents of the author and the specimens of his poetick genius, which are scattered through the pages of the Port Folio and the Companion, promises to be a *bouquet* of sweets from the garden of nature. His imitations of Moore breathe the spirit of a master, and when affection wakes his lyre, the tones melt even the hardened soul to love. Placed in a situation where fancy has no room for expansion, and where genius withers by the side of successful dullness, he has often, when the tedium of business has passed,

exchanged the studies of the lawyer for the more pleasing occupation of the muse, and now offers the products of his leisure to a beneficent publick. Genius is indeed an exotick in America, and when it appears, it should not be suffered to die neglected.

J.

For the Observer.

HISTORICAL EPHEMERIS.

The 19*th of September*, 1356. Edward, surnamed the *black prince*, 1st Duke of Cornwall, and already famous by having gained the battle of Crecy, beat and took prisoners at the famous battle of Poictiers, John, king of France, whom he conveyed a prisoner to England.

19*th of September*, 1792, was the last meeting of the legislative assembly of France replaced by the convention, *which in 24 hours*, decreed that France should be a republick.

19*th of September*, 1798, the Swiss troops were totally defeated by the French, and their independence *abolished*.

BON MOT.

Lower Louisiana is so marshy a country, that in digging a foot deep into the earth, water is found...a wit said of New-Orleans, that it was so dreadful a country ; *people were drowned there after their death.*

ERRATA.

In the last Observer, in the list of Bourbons...inserted by mistake, *Madame* wife of the pretender Louis the XVIIIth.

SELECTED.

VERSES TO SOLITUDE.

From Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by Mrs. Chapone, *Author of* Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.

Thou gentle nurse of pleasing woe !
To thee, from crowds, and noise, and show,
With eager haste I fly.
Thrice welcome friendly solitude !
O let no busy foot intrude,
Nor list'ning ear be nigh.

Soft, silent, melancholy maid !
With thee to yon sequester'd shade
My pensive steps I bend ;
Still, at the mild approach of night,
When Cynthia lends her sober light,
Do thou my walk attend !

To thee alone my conscious heart
Its tender sorrow dares impart,
And ease my lab'ring breast ;

To thee I trust the rising sigh,
And bid the tear that swells mine eye
No longer be suppress.

With thee among the haunted groves
The lovely sorc'ress fancy roves,
O let me find her here!
For she can time and space controul,
And swift transport my fleeting soul
To all it holds most dear!

Ah no! ye vain delusions hence!
No more the hallow'd influence
Of soli:ude pervert!
Shall fancy cheat the precious hour,
Sacred to wisdom's awful pow'r,
And calm reflection's part?

O wisdom! from the sea-beat shore
Where, list'ning to the solemn roar,
Thy lov'd * Eliza strays,
Vouchsafe to visit my retreat,
And teach my erring, trembling feet
Thy heav'n-protected ways?

Oh guide me to the humble cell
Where resignation loves to dwell,
Contentment's bow'r in view.
Nor pining grief with absence drear,
Nor sick suspense, nor anxious fear,
Shall there my steps pursue.

There let my soul to *Him* aspire,
Whom none e'er sought with vain desire,
Nor lov'd in sad despair!
There, to his gracious will divine
My dearest, fondest hope resign,
And all my tenderest care!

Then peace shall heal this wounded breast,
That pants to see another blest,
From selfish passion pure:
Peace, which when human wishes rise
Intense, for aught beneath the skies,
Can never be secure,

* Mrs Elizabeth Carter, a lady well known to the literary world, author of a beautiful Ode of Wisdom.

Doctor Crawford has lent the following *books*, which he entreats his friends may return:—

Swammerdam's Bible of Nature, 1 vol. fol.

Adams on the Microscope, 1 vol. thick 4 to.

Medical Transactions of the London College of Physicians, 1st vol. 8vo.

Chaptal's Chemistry, vol. 3d. 8vo.